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## GOLDEN ROD.

BY M. V. B.

How bloomed the goldenrod a year ago! And time since then hath seemed so slow; The day we watched the white clouds drift In blue sky. And in the field Mid dying grass and half concealed, The goldenrod glowed in the sun, till we felt all life's joy was done In parting-gene. Oh, memory sweet! If loving hearts should fail to meet In years to come! Oh, life so strange, That can soadden and so change The world for us, we may not find A single day which will be kind, And give us yet with all its pain Of parting, such an hour-glow ten on the field the sunshine lay, And goldenrod bloomed in our way.

**MULHATTAN'S VERY LATEST.**  
The Mamm h Liar Discovers a Subterranean Sea, Full of Icebergs, Sharks and Whales.

[Chango Inter Ocean.]

LEITCHFIELD, KY., Sept. 15.—The wonderful cave-region of Kentucky surrounds Leitchfield on all sides. It is in the midst of the great cave belt, which is, properly speaking, a strip of country about 50 miles wide by 100 long that marks the line of some gigantic upheaval of the earth, which was the primary cause of the origin of Kentucky's great natural wonders.

Leitchfield is the nearest point on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad to the Mammoth Cave, the "Grand Crystal Avenue," "Diamond," "Hundred Dome," "Hundred Room," "Evan Rodgers," and numerous other caves of less note.

New and wonderful discoveries of caves are constantly being made in this vicinity, yet excite only passing notice among the inhabitants, as caves are so common with them; indeed, they seem to think the crust of the entire globe is as hollow as their own little world around them. The latest discovery, however, is of a more exciting nature than anything heretofore. In the Grand-avenue cave, discovered about two years ago on the Rodgers farm, there is a bottomless pit—at least a pit that until a few days ago was considered bottomless, and out of which poured forth a mighty volume of cold, frost air that would freeze a bold soul before morning if placed over the pit the night previous. Mr. Sisk, the butcher of the town, has been allowed to use it as a sort of refrigerator, and had the advantage of being enabled at all times to furnish.

EVEN IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER, meats frozen solid. No one dared to descend into the bottomless pit lest the cold should overpower him, and the mystery has remained unsolved until a few days ago. A party of scientists decided at least make an attempt to solve the mystery. A derrick was erected over the pit and two coils of rope were wound around the windlass; to this rope a cage made of oaken planks was attached. A system of signals was also arranged with a wire and gong. The exploring party consisted of eight, four only of which could be lowered at a time. They consisted of Col. Jas. Alexander, of Gallatin, Tenn.; the Hon. Hunter Wood, of Hopkinsville, Ky.; Col. John P. Barrett, of Hartford, Ky.; and the writer of this article. Those who were to follow, should the first party get through all right, were Maj. George M. Proctor, State Geologist; Dan E. O'Sullivan, Esq., managing editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal; B. F. Bridgely, Esq., city editor of the Louisville Commercial, and J. F. Yeager, Esq., of the Leitchfield Sunbeam. The cold was intense, but with an abundance of heavy, warm clothing we decided that we could certainly brave that very peculiar and mysterious cold fully as well as we could on the earth's surface. We were well supplied with torches, matches, etc., as well as a basket of provisions, a few tools, such as picks, shovels, etc. We entered the cage and gave the order to lower away, amidst the cheers of the great crowd who had come into the cave to see us off on our journey to the interior of the earth.

Down, down we went—300, 500, 800 feet. Would we never reach bottom? Would there be rope enough to reach? were questions that we anxiously endeavored to solve. They lowered us very slowly, very cautiously. Twice we signaled them to stop until we could remove a projecting rock from the path of the cage or push the cage around it. At 1,120 feet—as we afterward ascertained—we struck bottom. We signaled the joyful intelligence to those above, and had the satisfaction of seeing the cage drawn up for the remainder of our party. The cold, was simply intense, and it seemed as though they reached us, although not over fifteen minutes in all. No time was to be lost. A great avenue opened before us—the bottomless pit we had descended was the dome, through which a subterranean river had undoubtedly flowed, the water having been diverted into another channel.

BEING ITS ANCIENT BED.

The avenue in many places is over 100 feet high, with innumerable recesses extending probably 1,000 feet toward the earth's surface.

Beautiful pillars of alabaster, millions of stalactites and stalagmites, dazzling the eyes like so many diamonds, while the beautiful frost-work formations assumed a thousand fantastic and bewildering shapes to our

astonished and bewildered senses. On, on we went for a distance of probably three miles. The cold was getting more and more intense. A thermometer carried by one of our party registered 8 degrees above zero. A terrible roaring noise prevented conversation. As we drew nearer we discovered that it came from a subterranean sea that was dashing against the rocks with terrible fury, and that a number of terrible waves were breaking up and down in the turbulent waters, striking the sides and domes of the cave. The mystery was now explained to us. We had descended to the level of the sea, and found that all out beyond the cave was utterly hollow. The icebergs had cut hundreds of feet high, and stood on the bank of a subterranean sea. The icebergs undoubtedly entered at the great whirlpool or whirlpool of Norway or one of a similar nature in the Arctic regions, and are thus singularly preserved in this great subterranean storeroom of nature. In a large bay, which we subsequently discovered at the end of another avenue, we saw several eyeless sharks, also an eyeless whale, which proves that the waters are full of animal life corresponding to the eyeless fish of Mammoth Cave. We have just emerged from the cave after an exploration of 21 hours, and I hasten to telegraph these particulars; will more thoroughly explore cave to-morrow with quite an army of citizens and telegraph additional information. The owner of the cave, Judge T. R. McDeath, has just refused an offer of \$50,000 for it. Representatives from the various papers of Louisville are here, and full particulars of this great discovery will appear in their respective journals to-morrow.

JOSEPH MULHATTAN.

How to be Beautiful.

Ladies, you can be sure of this: that you cannot have rose cheeks and a clear complexion unless you are in good health. Disease always spoils beauty. Parker's Tonic purifies the blood, invigorates the organs, drives all bad humors out of system, and makes the plainest face attractive. Tell your husbands.

The Bad Boy.

I noticed your pa this morning going down the alley, said the grocery man to the bad boy, and he didn't even look like a kitten as usual. Anything happened to his usually pleasant feelings?

Well, what has made him mad has been tried on me for about a dozen years, and it never killed me, said the boy, and I think pa will pull through. You see, for a good many years I have had pa's old clothes made over for me. I can't say that I enjoyed wearing his clothes cut down for me, but it was the best I could do. The last year I have been growing considerably, and I am a good deal taller than pa, though not as big around. I am going into society a good deal, and have to have pretty stylish clothes, and it won't do to wear them until they are too old. When I get through with them they are too good to throw away, so I have got onto a scheme to make my clothes over for pa. She took a pair of my pants and enough off the bottom to fill out the space where they were too small around for pa, and he wore a pair of my pants a week before he found out where they came from, and I guess he wouldn't have found out only for an accident. Ma took the pants one night after pa went to bed, to sew some buttons on, just like a woman she felt in the pockets. When I wore them pants I used to carry my love letters in my pistol pocket, rolled in a piece of lugy rubber, and when ma felt in the pockets she found a couple of letters my gal wrote to me. You know, my new girl, the one that I haven't said anything about to you? O, dear, but my new girl can write a letter that makes you have cramps under your vest. See can wrestle the English language at fellow she loves so well he will think the clouds that cover heaven have rolled along and left a hole in the ethereal vault above so you can see right through and catch the angels dancing a Highland fling. She can call you darling in forty-seven different ways, and each one seems darning than the other. She can tell a fellow how she loves him in language that will make him just lay down and blurt. She can write of the hours she spent on the floor, and forget the headache, and it is only necessary to compare one of the machines built during the infancy of the invention with one of the latest improved "Light-Running New Home."

All the really good points contained in other machines have been utilized in its construction. Many new improvements and devices have also been added, the result of which is a machine nearly perfect as it is possible to make one.

For simplicity, durability, ease of management and capacity for work, the "Light-Running New Home" has no rival, and the happy possessor of one may rest assured that he has the very best the world affords.

All who send for the company's new illustrated catalogue, and enclose their advertisement (printed on one page) will receive a set of advertising novelties, of value to card collectors. Their address is, NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., 30 Union Square, New York.

coming out of my teeth when I read the letter, and when I actually kiss her, the pegs in my boots loosen and I find them by the quart crawling up my pants-legs. I think she can discount the magnetic girl of Georgia, because a letter from her will draw me from a game of base ball any time. I mention this to show what sort of a girl she is, and what kind of a letter she writes. Well, I was drawing pictures on my slate, and didn't notice me as she was kissing buttons on. She felt in the pistol pocket and found the letters, and when she opened one and read, "O blessed darling, how sad I was when you were four minutes late last night," ma ran a needle in her finger and breathed hard, and then she stopped breathing for about a minute, and then she read to where my girl said, "Every hour that you are away from me seems an eternity of lonely watching. Sad forebodings of what may have happened to you, and when I see you coming up the street, it seems as though heaven was again open to me, and the birds sing so sweetly that I fain would die," ma dropped the pants and raised up and looked toward the bed where pa was snoring. I knew there was a case of mistaken identified, and was going to explain to ma what she said, You hush. When ma says you bush these particulars; will more thoroughly explore cave to-morrow with quite an army of citizens and telegraph additional information. The owner of the cave, Judge T. R. McDeath, has just refused an offer of \$50,000 for it. Representatives from the various papers of Louisville are here, and full particulars of this great discovery will appear in their respective journals to-morrow.

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## A Bloody Record.

HOPKINSVILLE, Oct. 10, 1884.

There is no sort of doubt but we can boast of the unerring aim of our pistol shots in this country. There have been more men shot dead in this county during the last four years, at fewer shots, than any other county in Kentucky. My business has been such that I am perfectly familiar with every bloody act in the great drama of carnage and death that has swept over our county like a wild contagion over a pestilence-stricken city and when I come to think to night of the many bloody graves scattered all over this county it seems more like some hideous dream, some dreadful, fearful apparition than a reality. I read elsewhere where men are shot and wounded; but here two lines tell the tale, viz. "hang went his pistol and his victim fell dead." These killings are not confined to any part of the county; but we find them everywhere, scattered hither and thither before the wind. To-day Henderson in the Northwestern part of the county goes out in the early morning to feed his stock, his assassin lies in wait, a musket looks through the fence, a flash, a groan and the young man lies a bloody corpse before him. Then the curtain rises at a beautiful Sabbath morning at my beloved Crofton, Smith Stanley and Wiley Johnson quarrel, a knife gleams in the sunlight, a sharp crack, a heavy thud and Smith has crossed the dark river. Again go a little farther over on Pond River, and old man Isom Dulie ripe for death's sickle and I hope riper still for heaven, is called up at the dead hour of midnight, he opens his door, his murderer sends two rifle-balls hissing hot through the old man's brain and he falls like Lebanon's rent cedar to rise no more. Then with us to the quiet little town of Fairview, walk into a saloon, see an old Irishman asleep, dreaming perhaps of his old home with its shamrocks back in old Ireland, see young Gibson walk by, watch him pull that fatal trigger and then watch the poor old sleeping man without a home, a county, or a God drop off the bench a dead man. Then come near Athiawassee, see two young men on their way home, bosom friends, boon companions, with no eyes to see their actions save those that watch Nations as well as individuals. Hear their boyish quarrel, listen to the sharp ring of that deadly pistol, hear the wild cry of "oh God you have killed me!" as it echoes from hill and valley all around. Then come here, stand on the amphitheatre at the fair ground, listen to the heavenly strains of glorious music, hear the neighing of finely caparisoned steeds, see the glorious twinkle of a thousand bright eyes, and right in the midst of all this hear the quick report of two pistol shots, run to the gateway and see all that was mortal of Frank Douglas lying before him. But enough, let us close the bloody book and over and above a half hundred newly made graves let us vow as good citizens that we will do all in our power to stop this death dealing thunderbolt that is liable to strike any and everyone at any moment.

I hope (though I shall live until old age takes me off) that I shall never again have to work in a field where death's sickle has reaped such a fearful harvest. I would not brood over these bloody scenes for four more long years for all the gold that glitters from Maine to Mexico, or all the honors a wicked world can bestow.

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

Chas. M. Meacham, Editor

Tuesday, October 14, 1884.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,



GROVER CLEVELAND,  
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,



THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,  
OF INDIANA.

ELECTORS.

For State at Large.  
BEN S. ROBBINS,  
W. B. ELEMING,  
District Electors.

1-Rhea Boyd, of McCracken county.  
2-Cromwell Adair, of Union county.  
3-John S. Rhea, of Logan county.  
4-Sam B. Berry, of Marion county.  
5-J. F. Ballitt, Jr., of Jefferson county.  
6-Leslie T. Aplegate, of Pendleton county.  
7-Ira Julian, of Franklin county.  
8-G. N. Robinson, of Shelby county.  
9-S. S. Savage, of Boyd county.  
10-John P. Saylers, of Morgan county.  
11-Rollin Hart, of Adair county.

A Pittsburgh paper says a woman's heart is between Noplace and Huntfort.

The Louisville Exposition will close in two more weeks. It has been a grand success.

"Peek's Bad Boy" has been dramatized and was played in Frankfort one night last week.

The West Virginia election comes off-to-day. The Democrats claim the state by 3,000 votes and the Republicans by 1,500.

The returns from municipal elections in Connecticut last week showed large Democratic gains in nearly every section of the State.

The Owensboro Messenger, which had had a decided leaning for Clay, declared itself independent. In the Congressional race last week.

Blaine will exhibit himself in Evansville, Ind., on the 21st of this month. He will arrive in the city at 5 o'clock the 22d, and leave the following evening at 8 o'clock.

Hon. Cromwell Adair, of Union county, Democratic elector for the Second District, will speak at Madisonville Friday Oct. 17th, in this city Saturday the 18th and in Dixon Monday, the 20th.

So far \$55 has been sent from Kentucky to the National Democratic Committee for campaign purposes, and \$50 of that was forwarded by the Owensboro Cleveland and Hendricks Club.

The Campaign, a new Republican paper just started at Owensboro; is on our table. It is neatly printed, ably edited and is a red-hot Republican sheet. It is edited by Mr. F. H. Roberts.

New York has been polled by the Democrats and their figures give the State to Cleveland by 50,000 majority. In New York city gamblers are betting \$1,000 to \$750 that Cleveland will carry the State.

Logan split in a man's face at Hinton, W. Va., one day last week and Blaine kissed a baby at London, Ohio. It is gratifying to know even at this late day that some great issues have been injected into the present "aggressive campaign."

Hon. J. H. Powell, of Henderson, will take the stump for Cleveland and Hendricks, in Indiana, this week and next. The Henderson Journal says of him:

"He is unquestionably a strong man, well posted, brilliant, witty, sarcastic and immensely amusing. Now, in advance we promise all who hear him a treat, in a political and literary sense, and if he doesn't shake the rotten bones of poor Jim Blaine and those knowingly supporting him, we will treat the whole gang of them, from Maine to California."

YESTERDAY'S ELECTION.

Lafayette's majority, in the city is 302; Pembroke gives 94 and Crofton was 81 at 4 o'clock. Its majority in the county will be 700 or 800.

Owensboro gave Clay 500 up to 4 o'clock. Daviess probably gave him 1,200 majority.

Henderson reported 900 majority for Clay, at 4 o'clock and the county was claimed by 2,000 votes.

Estimated majorities for Clay: Henderson, 2,000; Daviess, 1,200; McLean, 100; Hancock, 100. Total, 3,100.

For Lafouche, Hopkins, 1,800; Christian, 800; Union, 600; Webster, 287. Total, 3,187.

This elects Lafouche by 87 votes, but it will probably take the official count to decide who has won.

We have the pleasure of announcing, in advance of all our contemporaries, that the Belva Ann Lockwood electoral ticket for this state is at last made up, and is composed of the following gallant and talented gentlemen:

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE.  
Hon. Donald Padman, of Jefferson county.

Col. H. M. McCarty, of Franklin county.

INSTRUCT ELECTORS.

1st District—Matt McKinney, of Trigg.

2nd District—Clas. M. Mencham, of Christian.

3rd District—Sid. Evans, of Warren.

4th District—Hon. Jonas D. Wilson, of Breckinridge.

5th District—Col. E. Polk Johnson, of Jefferson.

6th District—Geo. M. Dittie, of Campbell.

7th District—Dr. John D. Woods, of Franklin.

8th District—Capt. David A. Murphy, of Boyle.

9th District—Capt. Thos. D. Marmon, of Boyd.

10th District—Laban T. M. Wood, of Montgomery.

11th District—J. M. Richardson, of Barren.

The campaign will open aggressively at the great Southern Exposition, Louisville, Tuesday night, the 16th inst.—while Col. Young has gallantly set apart for the occasion, and designed "Ladies Evening"—when State Electors Padman and McCarty will deliver rousing campaign addresses, after which Col. E. Polk Johnson will proceed to organize a "Lockwood Sewing Circle," as the campaign club will be termed. Who ever thinks this electoral ticket isn't going to lash the stagnant pool of Kentucky politics into foam and fury is foolish enough to put up money on St. John and Butler.—Breckenridge News.

The Ohio election takes place today. Both parties concede that the result is very doubtful. The Republicans are moving heaven and earth to hold their own, and the Democrats with a superb organization are making a gallant fight for victory in a state that has never cast its electoral vote for a Democrat since 1856. That there is a good chance to elect the Democratic State ticket, the Republicans themselves admit. Both sides are charging that repeaters have been colonized in the large cities to carry the election by fraud. In Cincinnati the feeling is very high and bloodshed is feared. The election will be very close and the winning side is not likely to have as much as 10,000 majority in a vote of 750,000. There is much to encourage Democrats, but they should not base their hopes upon the State.

CAMILLE.

A Deferred Letter.

Oak Grove, Ky., Sept. 26th, 1881.

At present the rural retreat of Oak Grove proper, a thriving burg of much natural energy and enterprise is busily engaged in dividing the time between the fascinating game of marbles and the enticing art gallery of Mr. Elderling, who for some weeks past has been quite active in catching the shadows of such corporeal existences as materialize before his camera. All the belles and beauties of this vicinity and all other persons of note and otherwise have honored this gallery with a visit, while the colored population at the close of the week, hovering around the mysterious canvas present a dark cloud more dense than that of the locusts that annoyed Pharaoh and his hosts in the olden time.

Since the last communication from this place, the various schools of the neighborhood have opened and are in successful operation under the supervision of their different teachers.

In the Elmo district Miss Ada Lewis, of Guthrie presides.

Miss Patch, of Clarksville, is teaching at Glen Burnie Mills.

Miss Garth, of Trenton, has charge of the Gardenfield Academy, while the "young ideas" at Rural Home, under the auspices of your correspondent, are in a flourishing condition.

Farmers in this vicinity are rapidly cutting their tobacco. Many have already safely housed and dried, and are now following their laud for wheat.

Rev. S. P. Fergy, assisted by some of the best tattlet of the Baptist church, will begin a protracted meeting at Salem on the 2nd Sunday in October. Mrs. Pendleton, Mrs. M. E. Coombs and the ladies of the sisterhood have been using their best endeavors to raise funds, "to set their house in order" for the coming services, and those in attendance, by thoroughly repairing the church.

Mrs. E. H. Garrott, who has been quite ill for a week past, under the care of Dr. Jas. Thomas, is rapidly convalescing.

The little girl of Mr. Henry Moore, of this neighborhood, who has been

her on earth and which fitted her to enjoy the blessings of the faithful at the right hand of God. The deceased left a husband, two little children and many relations and friends to mourn her death. To these does the heart of our people go out in kindest condolence.

With feelings of deepest regret Camille is called upon to chronicle the death of Mrs. Jno. Giles, which occurred on the morning of the 6th inst. Mrs. Giles has for many months been in quite delicate health but no serious fears were entertained in regard to her condition until a few weeks ago, when she was stricken with typhoid fever. Since that time she has been slowly sinking, and on Sunday morning last her spirit quietly took its flight to the God who gave it. Thus has passed away another pure woman, whose life was made up of good deeds and whose death will be a rich harvest of eternal happiness. She leaves a fond husband and a devoted little son, besides many dear friends and relatives to all of whom Camille would extend a hand of kindest sympathy.

It is the sad duty of Camille to note a third death which occurred on last Wednesday night in the person of Mrs. E. T. Stephens. Mrs. Stephens was an old lady and had been very ill for several months, and while her death was not unexpected yet it has bowed down the hearts of this entire community who knew and loved Mrs. Stephens for her noble qualities. The deceased was the mother of our worthy citizen, Esq. J. T. Coleman, her only surviving son, and to him her "us" a grand child and friends, the people of this vicinity extend their heartfelt condolences. Truly "In the midst of life we are in death" as there have been three deaths in this immediate neighborhood within the last week.

On Sunday night last, Rev. J. G. Kendall assisted by Rev. Mr. Presbridge, of the Hopkinsville Baptist church, commenced a series of meetings at Olivet, near Garrettsburg. Mr. Presbridge is a plain logical speaker; there is persuasiveness about his manner difficult to resist, and above all he is an earnest zealous worker for the Master's cause. He has already won the good opinion of all who have heard him preach, and it is believed that his labors in our midst will result in a glorious revival and a general upbuilding of the church.

Mrs. Nannie Elkin, of Louisville, is now visiting friends in this community.

Miss Verda Roselle, after spending several weeks with her sister in Owensboro, Ky., returned home a few days ago.

A party of young gentlemen consisting of Mess. Will Young, Samuel Hodges, Piedmont Gerhart, Jerome Duncan and Will Hutchison, all of Clarksville, paid a flying visit to this community on last Sunday.

The I. A. & T. railroad is at present on a boom in this section. Mr. Gordon, the new contractor for twenty miles more of grading, expects to put over a hundred men to work in a few days, and says that he intends to push the construction along as rapidly as men and money can do it. It is probable that the first 20 miles of road from Clarksville will be completed in 40 or 50 days.

Wheat seedling and cutting corn are now the order of the day. Not quite so large an acreage of wheat will be sown this fall as was put in last season. Tobacco has all been cut and is now in the house. The crop is a very good one.

YOUNG.

THE OAK GROVE.

REED CAREFULLY.

Below will be found a few certificates in regard to Dr. Williams' Electric Medical Pads, sold by P. E. Bacon, of this place.

Mr. P. E. BACON.

Dear Sir:—For thirty years torpid liver and indigestion have been the bane of my life. I cheerfully state that for the last six or eight weeks I have worn one of your Liver Pads, and feel that I have been very much benefited by its use.

Yours truly, W. L. TRICE.

HOPKINSVILLE, Sept. 1881.

Mr. P. E. BACON.

The Dr. Williams Pad, I bought of you I have worn with marked benefit and can heartily commend the same to every one afflicted with Liver and stomach trouble.

M. A. MCPHERSON.

HOPKINSVILLE, Sept. 1881.

I bought one of Dr. Williams Medicated Electric Pads, and have worn it with the greatest benefit and satisfaction, and think any one troubled with Liver and stomach trouble would be benefited by their use.

JAMES E. JESUP.

MATFIELD, July 30 1884.

MR. BACON,

CADIZ, KY.

I write as I promised after the thirty days passed to let you know the effect of the Pad, you prescribed.

I feel much improved every way, my appetite good, in fact I relish my food have gained strength and flesh, and now think I will be entirely restored soon.

MRS. A. R. ANDERSON.

The above was a serious case of Kidney disease.

P. E. BACON.

THE TENTON, Aug. 1, 1884.

Mr. P. E. BACON.

The Liver and Stomach Pad, made by Dr. Williams, of Brooklyn, New York, that I bought of you, I have worn some of the over six weeks, with very good results, and I cheerfully recommend the same to anyone afflicted with Liver or Stomach troubles.

ALBERT HUGHLETT.

Reader, Attention if you Please!

I have nothing to say against any one else, neither against their remedies or systems of medicine but I do say from personal experience as well as from observation that Dr. Williams' remedies which I sell can't be beat in Liver and stomach troubles, Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Kidney and Bladder ailments and uterine troubles, also chills and malarial diseases generally. Come along FELLOW CHRONIC. Buy and get relief. Prices 2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

P. E. BACON,

Hopkinsville, Ky.

DR. WILLIAMS' PATENT MEDICAL DRUGS.

DR. WILLIAMS' PATENT MEDICAL DR

SEMIWEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1884.

TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

DEPART SOUTH—1:45 A. M.; 1:45 P. M.  
ARRIVE NORTH—4:45 A. M.; 2:15 P. M.  
ARRIVE FROM SOUTH—4:45 P. M.; 2:15 P. M.  
ARRIVE FROM NORTH—11:30 A. M.; 9:10 P. M.  
MOS OFFICE—Bridge St.  
Open for letters, slate, &c., 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.  
Delivery Sunday, 7 A. M. to 4 P. M.  
SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICE,  
North Main St.  
Open 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

SOCIALITIES.

Father time is the correct standard for this latitude, at M. D. Kelly's.

Miss Lillie Gunn returned home to Cadiz yesterday.

Prof. H. B. Wayland, of Cadiz, was in the city Saturday.

Misses Mary and Susie Edmunds left for Louisville yesterday.

Misses Ora Harper and Lillie Penn, of Ceredo, were in the city Friday.

Mr. E. G. Schree, Jr., returned Saturday from an extended visit to New York.

Miss Clemmie Herring, of Clarksville, is visiting the family of Mr. V. M. Metcalfe.

Mrs. M. N. Ranch, returned from New York last week and will spend the winter here.

Mr. Jesse L. Edmundson returned from Louisville Sunday, where he went on a hunting trip.

Miss Connie White, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. M. Latham, returned home to Fernando, Miss., Saturday.

Mrs. Jas. Thompson, of Cincinnati, returned home Saturday after spending the summer with the family of her father, Dr. Hickman.

Mr. Charles T. Barker, wife, and their accomplished twin daughters, of Christian church, left Thursday morning for Old Polk's Comfort, Virginia—Clarksville Democrat.

Miss Emma Dodge went over to Hopkinsville Wednesday morning and will remain a week or ten days visiting Miss Jennie Glass.—Henderson Reporter.

Mr. Will T. Peyton, formerly of this city, but now of Nicholasville, Ky., spent last week with his brother, Dr. J. P. Peyton, near Casy, and paid a very pleasant call Saturday.

Mrs. S. J. Hall, Miss Lizzie Hall and Mr. Ledford Lacy, of Lafayette, Ky., have moved to Nashville, Tenn., and will reside there in the future. They will be greatly missed from the social circles of South Christian, where they occupied a high position.

THOS. W. KEENE.

An Opportunity for Comparisons in two Representations of Richard III

We are happy to make the announcement to our readers that on Wednesday evening, October 18th, Mr. Thos. W. Keene, the most popular tragedian now upon the stage, will give as Richard III, at the Opera House, one of the strongest and most thoroughly artistic personations of the "Bloody Tyrant" ever depicted by any artist upon our stage, or the English stage. The entire press of the country have given the palm to this great actor for his masterly interpretation of this difficult role. He has been accorded the title to Richard III as the only personator of that role, the same as Booth has the title to Hamlet by the universal press and public. Mr. Keene is supported by a powerful dramatic company the same as that which accompanied him on his tour last season. It will be a great opportunity for our people to compare the recent personation of Richard III by Mr. Frederick Warde to that of Mr. Keene's wherein they may be able to see which is the greatest artist in that character. Sale of seats is now in progress at Galtner's Drug Store.

Candler's Stock Sale.

The sale of stock at Polk Candler's stable this city last Saturday resulted as follows:

Good horse mares 6 yrs. old	\$100.00
Large mares mare aged	75.00
Pair weanling mares	100.00

JERKY COWS AND CALFERS.

No 1 high grade heifer	\$100.00
" 2 " cow-stripper	45.00
" 3 " "	60.00
" 4 " "	55.00
" 5 " "	50.00
" 6 " Jersey "	35.00
" 7 " Jersey "	32.00
" 8 " Jersey "	30.00
" 9 " Jersey "	28.00
" 10 " Jersey "	25.00
" 11 " Jersey "	22.00
" 12 " Jersey "	20.00

There were some other cattle and horses offered but rejected by owners at their prices. Next sale Saturday Oct. 25th 1884.

POLK CANDLER, Manager,  
JNO. C. DAY, Auctioneer.

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

The Owensboro Fair was a big success.

The Commercial Hotel, Louisville, has been closed for rent due.

Wm. Clark, a Paducah painter, fell 35 feet and was not killed.

Sam McManaman hanged himself at Carrollton, while on a spree.

John Vick has been clerk of the Livingston county court for 25 years.

The Madisonville Gleaner has again enlarged—this time to a nine column sheet.

The Leitchfield Sunbeam will issue a daily during the soldiers' reunion this week.

HERE AND THERE.

Howe's time is the city standard. Thos. W. Keene at the Opera House in Richard III, Thursday night.

P. C. C. cures chills. Sold by J. R. Armistead, Hopper & Son and Gish & Garner.

Cooper & Jackson's circus exhibited at Lafayette yesterday and will show at Cadiz to-day.

The Wilthers building, corner of Main and Nashville streets, is ready for the brick-work to begin.

P. L. C. cures sick headache and dyspepsia. Sold by Gish & Garner, J. R. Armistead and Hopper & Son.

The Methodist church at Fairview will be dedicated the first Sunday in November, by Dr. H. C. Morrison, of Russellville.

Mr. Bonj. Franklin, of Clarksville, has sold his commercial job printing establishment to Messrs. Brandon & Bardsdale, of the Tobacco Leaf, and has retired from the business.

Mr. Holland requests us to ask for the return of a pair of opera glasses which were taken from the Opera House some time ago, probably through mistake.

In all the counties excepting Christian and three others the bird law expires to-morrow. In those counties the partridges cannot be molested until Nov. 1st. The hunters will put in their work in the adjoining counties for the next two weeks. It is said that birds are very plentiful this season and the sportsmen are eagerly awaiting the time when they can begin to hunt them.

The store-house and contents, belonging to Mr. J. H. Brandon, of Cerulean Springs, was entirely consumed by fire on last Saturday evening. Mr. Brandon was in this city and knew nothing of his loss until his return home. He carried good stock of general merchandise, and he only had \$1,000 insurance, his loss, above his insurance, will be several hundred dollars. It is thought that the store was set on fire.

The Synod.

The Presbyterian Synod (Southern) of Kentucky, which assembled in this city Wednesday, continued in session until Saturday. Many of the ministers remained over Sunday, and the various pulpits of the city were filled by the visitors Sunday morning and evening.

The following is a list of the ministers and messengers as nearly complete as we could obtain:

Rev. L. H. Blanton, D. D., Richmond; Rev. J. M. Evans, Maysville; Rev. L. D. Boggs, Cliftonville; Rev. W. R. Laird, Millersburg; Rev. E. H. Rutherford, D. D., Paris; Rev. W. L. Nourse, Rockport, Ind.; Rev. Wm. Irwin, Millbury; Rev. J. C. Molloy, Owensboro; Rev. E. W. Bedinger, Anchorage; Rev. H. D. McClure, Louisville; Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, D. D., Louisville; Rev. W. T. McElroy, Louisville; Rev. F. B. Converse, Louisville; Rev. M. H. Houston, Secretary Foreign Missions; Rev. S. F. Taylor, Mt. Vito; Rev. J. L. Caldwell, Bowling Green; Rev. J. C. Tate, Hopkinsville; Rev. Chas. Hill, Greenup; Rev. H. D. Tadlock, Franklin; Rev. W. P. Morton, Evangelist; Rev. W. W. Evans, Clifton; L. O. Spencer, Clerk, Princeton; W. E. Cave, Paducah; J. W. Graybill, Fulton; Chas. L. Hayne, Corydon; J. H. McCullough, Henderson; Rev. J. I. Hendrick, D. D., Maysville; H. Glas, Richwood; Rev. E. M. Green, D. D., Danville; J. J. Chisholm, Harrisburg; J. S. McElroy, Stanford; W. Y. Davis, Springfield; J. S. Lyons, Lawrenceburg; J. B. Devenant, Irvine; J. G. Hunter, Georgetown; S. E. Hiltner, Georgetown; J. S. Vanmeter, Cynthia; T. S. Shuler, Troy; W. B. Cooper, Walnut Hill; Rev. F. W. Bartlett, D. D., Lexington; Rev. G. H. Routz, D. D., Verailles; Rev. R. Donglass, D. D., Lexington; M. Vanover, Winchester; R. Cecil, Nicholasville; E. Mickel, Hazard; E. O. Gurnard, Mt. Sterling; E. B. Brown, Lebanon; E. J. S. Vanmeter, Lexington; E. P. Dolan, Lexington; E. J. W. Harper, Midway; E. A. M. Gordon, Nicholasville; E. A. Bean, Mt. Sterling; E. A. N. Crook, Springfield.

The visitors were assigned homes with the citizens and hospitably entertained while in the city.

PEMBROKE POINTERS.

The work on the Baptist church at this place is rapidly progressing, and it will be one of the handsomest in Southern Kentucky when completed.

Owen Smith will start for Virginia in a few days to be "fanned" by the gentle zephyr.

The question now is, not who struck "Billy Patterson," but who stole Tom Jameson's hound pup?

Messrs. Jack Ogburn and Tom Murphy are both quiet sleek.

Mr. Johnnie Harris has been elected jailer of Pembroke.

The boys had John Anderson bidding at a lump of coal for his services this week.

P. P. PHILKINS.

Judge H. F. Finley, of the 17th Judicial district, has been indicted by the U. S. Grand Jury for obstructing an officer of the government in the discharge of his duty.

BUTCHERED.

SALLY SAUNDERS, COL., MURDERED WITH AN AXE NEAR CASKY WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

The Body Found Friday and Jordan Taylor Arrested on Suspicion.

The fall killings have opened up with a vengeance this month. In our issue of Oct. 7 we reported one in this city, Oct. 3, one at Bainbridge Oct. 4, and now we are called upon to chronicle another which occurred near Casy on the night of Oct. 8, making the third murder in the county within a period of five days. There are no palliating circumstances whatever in this last one as it was a heartless, cold-blooded butchery of a woman.

On last Wednesday a colored woman named Sally Saunders was employed in assisting to cut tobacco at Mrs. Brionaugh's, near Ca-ky. The woman lived about one mile from Mrs. Brionaugh's and after the day's work was done she stayed until after dark before starting home. Jordan Taylor, a negro man who was at Mrs. Brionaugh's when the woman started away proposed to go with her, which proposal was rejected, and she borrowed a lantern and started across the field alone. This was the last seen of her alive. She failed to report at her home that night or the next day and on Friday Jordan Taylor's daughter looked for her. A party of men started out to search for her and the body was found about 1 o'clock Friday. From the first the man Jordan Taylor, who had been on bad terms with the woman, was suspected and he was taken along with the searching party. In crossing the field several hundred yards from Mrs. Brionaugh's house Mr. Watson, one of the party, found the scene of the murder. Evidences of a struggle were seen and blood on the grass and also a place where an axe had been stuck in the ground. The trail was followed to a little thicket of willows about 100 yards off and there the body was found. The woman's head was cut to the brain with an axe in two places. She was found lying on her face, where she had been stopped after being dragged feet foremost.

Jordan Taylor was at once arrested on suspicion. He had been hunting with Mr. Watson during the search, but when the latter bore in the direction of the place where the killing occurred Taylor began to move in another direction and was about 100 yards off when the spot was found. Mr. Watson called in him, not telling him what he had found, when Taylor at once called to the others "come on boys, Mr. Watson has found her." This was before the trail had been followed up to where the body was found.

The body was lying in a cool place and decomposition had not set in, although the murderer had been committing nearly two days before. An inquest was held by Esq. W. E. Field and a verdict implicating Jordan Taylor was returned by the jury and he was brought to jail where he is now confined.

The murdered woman was about 45 years old and had a grown daughter living with her. She had made her arrangements to go to Louisville to live and intended to leave Friday on the excursion train. Some days before she had a difficulty with Taylor and had drawn a knife on him in the store at Casy.

Taylor is about 35 years old and bears a rather unsavory reputation. Circumstances point to him very strongly as the guilty party, and unless he can prove an alibi his neck will be in considerable danger, although hangings are seldom ever thought of in this county. It would be difficult to conceive of a more atrocious murderer than the one with which he is charged and if he be guilty he should pay the penalty with his life. The examining trial has not yet been held.

On Saturday Taylor became alarmed and declared that a negro named John Lee committed the murder. Lee was accordingly arrested and is also in jail. Taylor insists that Leo did the killing and Lee protests that Taylor did. It is very probable that both are guilty and it looks like we are to have a hanging in this county after many years of bloodshed and after scores of criminals have gone unpunished. A ring belonging to the dead woman was found in Taylor's pocket and there is scarcely the shadow of a doubt that one if not both of the prisoners are guilty of a crime for which death would be a light penalty.

Respectfully,  
James Brown.

A large and handsome stock of oiled chromos just received and cheap at J. R. Armistead.

our hearts touched when the story of the battle of the Alamo is related. The Mexicans surrounding the city; the modern Spartan soldiers gathering into the decaying remains of an old Catholic mission.

The Mexicans, like howling wolves, surround the mission, prize open the barred doors, and with Abel's club, shed the blood of its inmates. The United States has honored itself by purchasing the building from San Antonio.

The character of Texans in comparison with Kentuckians is different. As a class Texans are not educated, but, Mr. Editor, like Kentuckians, they are hospitable. A young man hunting wild game passed here several days ago and remarked, after faring sumptuously, that he never offered to pay in Texas.

This rule will work well with Texans, but you dare not try it on a "new com'er," because he will not only charge you and cheat you, but will actually bite the liver out of you; and he does it in such a Yankee style that one doesn't notice it until he sees the blood; he charges you a bit for fodder, for hay, for corn and a bit for the stall; then charges you two bits for supper, gives you a rot and slicker (Texas weather coat) to feast on through the night; asks you up early, and begins to monkey with you, saying you "must leave before breakfast, as we have no coffee, sugar, meat, nor nothing to suit your appetite, and wouldn't charge for the eat."

I should close, but will ask the question how many sufferers of lung troubles and bronchitis will remain in Christian and Todd counties to suffer its dreadful hangings?

This climate is a sure cure of the beginnings of such troubles, and relieves many who are in the last stages of consumption, provided they remain.

TOM COUNTY.

SPECIAL LOCALS.

OPERA HOUSE!

HOPKINSVILLE.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 16TH,  
Engagement of the Tragedians.

K. THOS. W. KEENE! — — — K. THOS. W. KEENE!

Supported by a powerful Dramatic Company under the management of MR. W. R.

Presenting Colley Cibber's version of Shakespeare's grand historical Tragedy,

RICHARD III.

Duke of Gloucester—(afterward King Richard)—THOS. W. KEENE.....

Seats on sale at Gaither's Drug Store, Monday morning, Oct. 13. Reserved Seats, \$1.25.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!

I make Cloaks a specialty in Ladies, Misses and children's imported styles, all carefully selected by Mrs. Hart. My line is complete, from the lowest to the highest price. Measures correctly taken to order any size you may want.

The body was lying in a cool place and decomposition had not set in, although the murderer had been committing nearly two days before. An inquest was held by Esq. W. E. Field and a verdict implicating Jordan Taylor was returned by the jury and he was brought to jail where he is now confined.

The visitors were assigned homes with the citizens and hospitably entertained while in the city.

RESPECTFULLY,  
James Brown.

A large and handsome stock of oiled chromos just received and cheap at J. R. Armistead.

LOST.

A black and white setter dog; answers to the name of Bock. Disappeared Oct. 4. Will pay a liberal reward for his return. Any one knowingly harboring him will be prosecuted for felony.

G. E. SEMMIE, Jr., Hopkinsville, Ky.

Ladies will find a large and splendid stock of Paper and Envelopes at J. R. Armistead.

**SEWEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.**  
NASHVILLE STREET.  
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

**CLUB LIST.**

We will furnish the following papers and periodicals with the **SEWEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN** at the following cheap rates:

Daily Courier-Journal	\$12.50
Weekly Courier-Journal	\$3.35
Louisville Commercial	\$3.15
Farmers Home Journal	\$3.15
Peterson's Magazine	\$3.00
Godey's Lady's Book	\$3.00
New York Weekly Sun	\$3.10

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

We send fresh, reliable and readable letters from every neighborhood where the **SEWEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN** circulates. Give us the news promptly, correctly, briefly and lucidly, without needless comment or rhetorical dexterities. Let no ordinary notice exceed too much; don't discuss the weather, or write about matters of no interest to the reading public. Enclose one dollar of the paper and write as often as you have news items to circulate, and no offerer.

**Our Agents.**

The following persons are our authorized agents, who will receive subscription for the **SEWEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN**:

J. W. Williams, Pombroke, Ky.
W. D. Brewer, Fairview, Ky.
R. L. McGuire, Trenton, Ky.
J. M. Adams & Co., Church Hill, Ky.
F. B. Hancock, Casy, Ky.
J. C. Marquess, Peedie, Ky.
Mrs. Gertie L. Griffin, Lafayette, Ky.
H. J. Faulkner, Caldonia, Ky.
W. A. White, Macdonald, Ky.

**TRUE HEROISM.**

The *Revenge of a Noble Gentleman*. The following anecdote, extracted from the unpublished memoirs of a French nobleman, may, it is hoped, serve as an example, well worthy of being imitated by all who desire to be thought truly brave and courageous. It records an instance of a victory gained by a man over his own passions—victory more glorious, more honorable than any that has ever been purchased with fire and sword, with devastation and bloodshed.

Two noblemen, the Marquis de Valais and the Count de Merle, were educated under the same masters, and were regarded by all who knew them as patterns of friendship, honor, and sensibility. Years succeeded years, and no quarrel had ever disgraced their attachment, when one unfortunate evening the two friends, having indulged rather freely in some excellent Burgundy, repaired to a neighboring hotel, and engaged in a game of backgammon.

Fortune declared herself in favor of the Marquis; he won every game, and, in the thoughtless glee of the moment, basking with exultation at his unusual good luck. The Count lost his temper, and once or twice upbraided the Marquis for enjoying the pain which he had excited in the bosom of his friend. At last, upon another fortunate throw made by the Marquis, by which he gammoned his antagonist, the infuriated Count threw the box and dice in the face of his brother soldier.

Every gentleman present was in amazement, and waited, almost breathlessly, for the moment when the Marquis would strike his sword in the bosom of the now-repentant Count.

"Gentlemen," said the Marquis, "I am a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I have received a blow from a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I know and acknowledge the laws of honor, and I will obey them. Every man who sees me wonders why I am tardy in visiting my antagonist the next day. At last, I will obey the laws of honor and of France; I will stab him to the heart."

Upon this he threw his arm around his unhappy friend, and said: "My dear De Merle, I forgive you, if you will forgive me for the irritation I have occasioned in a sensitive mind by the levity of my own. And now, gentlemen," added the Marquis, "though I have interpreted the laws of honor my way, if there remains in this room one Frenchman who dares to doubt my resolution to resent even an improper smile at me, my sword is by my side to punish an affront, but not to murder a friend, for whom I would die, and who sits there, a monument of contrition and bravery, ready with me to challenge the rest of the room to deadly combat if any man dare to think amiss of this transaction."

THERE lately died in the West Virginia penitentiary, at Mountaineer, Eli Lee, who was undergoing a life imprisonment for the murder of a Confederate soldier during the war. Lee was placed under arrest. The military, however, stepped in and took the case from the civil authorities, and a court-martial resulted in Lee's acquittal. He was then restored to the ranks and served valiantly as a soldier until the expiration of the war. Upon the cessation of hostilities, Lee returned to his home. Here again he was arrested by the civil authorities, tried for murder in the first degree, found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. His case was taken in hand by the Grand Army of the Republic, who made every effort in their power to secure his release, but without avail. About a year ago a plot was framed by a number of ex-Federal soldiers in Ohio to rescue him by force of arms, but better counsels finally prevailed. Lee's imprisonment caused the breaking up of his family, who were left without support, and are now scattered in different portions of the country.

High-toned ergo does not know any more about the common English branches than is good for him, and his handwriting is the merest goose tracks—a sort of delirium tremens on paper. Now, when you come to put such writing as that into Latin, to be read by a sleepy prescription clerk who has been roused out of bed at midnight in his shirt sleeves, there can be only one result. The patient will be worse next day. A sleepy drug clerk is only human; when he strikes one of those ingredients in the prescription where it tells him to put up three saw-teeth of podophyllin, and the word looks more like pennymore than it does like podophyllin, and more like peppermint than either one of them, he is liable to trust a good deal to luck and put in that which is the least injurious. No drug clerk cares to lose a good position by not being able to read a strok of digitizing; and the result is he puts up more to make up for what he doesn't know. There are 45,000,000 of people in this country, whose lives, to a greater or less extent, revolve on the prescription clew; and the East-in society who have flung their banner to the breeze and sounded the death of the dead languages, will be embalmed in the hearts of a grateful posterity. They are doing a noble w<sup>rk</sup>. Dead languages are well enough for dead people; but they are eminently out of place in this age of animated things. Of course the loyals of the exorcise will bring doctors down to a level with ordinary mortals, and they will have to take their chances.—*Feeble Sun*.

**THE HISTORY OF THE BAYONET.**

The history of the bayonet is thus set forth in the catalogue of Gen. Pitt Rivers' anthropological collection, which the British Government will probably buy for the public benefit and place on exhibition in the South Kensington museum. In the early part of the seventeenth century it was found necessary to retain the use of pikemen in the infantry on account of the defeativeness position of the musket when the enemy approached to close quarters. To remedy this defect they were accustomed about the middle of the century to stick the handles of their daggers in the muzzles of their guns in order to use them as pikes. Of course, when the dagger was so fixed the barrel that the firelock could be loaded and discharged though the bayonets were fixed. The British had their first experience of what may be called the compound pike and gun in the time of William III, in the Flanders campaigns, and they "swore terribly," no doubt, when they found their opponents could fire at them with fixed bayonets. Rivers' collection shows all the transition stages of the bayonet from the plug handle to the modern tube-and-sabot attachment. This is only a sample brick, so to speak, of the civil and warlike gropings of man from precedent to precedent to his present condition. We have a fine opportunity of doing something of the same kind on this continent, and the marvel is why some men of wealth do not embrace it, and so secure the perpetuity of their own name through the advancement of an important department of science.

**VOLUNTARY AND IRREGULARITY.**

The florid school of oratory never had a more brilliant representative than Rufus Choate. There were, however, two classes in the community who did not admire Mr. Choate as an orator—the reporters and the composers. No matter how expert a phonographer a reporter might be, his nimble pencil could not keep pace with the velocity of Mr. Choate's locution.

Quoting from "Othello," he once in Fanueil Hall used the words "O Iago! the pity of it, Iago!" Judge of the orator's surprise and the city's bewilderment, when they read in the next morning's paper, "Oh, I argue! the pity of it, I argue!" And yet the best phonographic in Boston reported that speech.

It is said that a Scotch printer left an Edinburgh office because he was baffled by Carlyle's manuscript, the most illegible of handwriting. Going to London, he found employment at a printer's. The first "copy" put into his hands was a manuscript of "Hamlet" jumbled up the people of England and called them all mad. It would seem that in this country there is nothing for a hatter to be mad about, especially as elections come around so frequently. Yet it is, also, too true that American hatters are very mad at present, and whether the phrase held good before, it certainly holds good now. There are 1,000 mad hatters in New Jersey alone, and at Orange, in that State, they have nearly had an Orange riot. The cause is a new hat-finishing machine that will do the work of ten hatters. The "hatters" are resolved not to allow these machines to be introduced; hence the trouble. Thus the ancient phrase "as mad as a hatter" has new life infused into it.

**A JAPANESE BRONZE WORKER.**

The most skillful living bronze worker in Japan, and one of the most skillful of workers in metal that Japan has ever possessed, is said by the *Japan Mail* to be a Kiyoto artisan named Zoroku. His specialty is inlaying with silver and gold, an art which he carries to such perfection that his pieces are scarcely distinguishable from the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Min period. What one sees on going into his atelier is a very old man—some 65 or 70—peering through a pair of huge horn spectacles at a tiny incense-burner and still tinier flower vase, from whose frets and diapers he is poring away, with marvellous patience, an almost imperceptible roughness or excrecence. Be he cold, winter, and summer alike, stands a brazier with a slow charcoal fire, over which an iron utensil hangs, giving to the eye a brilliant and fiery glow. The "hatsuh-paiha" is a quick, complete cure for the eyes.

**BUYING HIS TIME.**

The late Horace Greeley possessed a fine common-sense when engaged in journalistic and political work. But when beset by the impudent ones who desired to borrow small or large sums of money, he exhibited an almost infantile simplicity. Mr. Congdon, who was a member of the *Tribune* staff, says that many of his mistakes charities were due to an impatience of interruption. He tried to cloister himself up, but all sorts of people, with the greatest variety of terrors in their bonnet, would force themselves into his presence.

On one occasion a widow, for so her

weeds proclaimed, wanted to do something for sewing-girls. She interviewed Mr. Greeley in his editorial "den," and begged for pecuniary assistance.

He, being up to his eyes in work, told her, again and again, to go away, and kept on writing. She, however, kept on talking, being one of the sort whose continual dropping wearied away the most rocky of refusals.

At last, in sheer desperation, the irritated editor rushed to the speaking-tube connected with the counting-room, and bawled through it in the most querulous of tones, "S—, for heaven's sake, send me up \$5!"

The money came up, and Mr. Greeley, putting it into her hands, discouraging her volatile thanksgiving, half thrust her out of the room. Going back to his desk, he resumed work with a smile, which said he had purchased his time, though he did pay a good price for it.

A NEWSPAPER canvassing agent, being told by an old lady that it was no use to subscribe for papers now, as Mother Shipton said the world was coming to an end this year, said: "But won't you want to read an account of the whole affair, as soon as it comes off?" "That will," answered the old lady, and she subscribed.

**BAD FOUNDATIONS.**

Unquestionably, says the London *Advertiser*, the most radical point to be kept in view when constructing a house, with regard to permanent sanitation, is the nature of the concrete or foundation upon which it is to be constructed. It is the foundation of festering, germ-originating, malacious, gas-evolving materials, nothing can go well with the health of those who inhabit that house, until the festering has exhausted itself by lapse of many years—perhaps many generations. When, in a neighborhood where building is going on, we see a board announcing "Inhabitancy may be shot here!" the public may take it for granted the permission thus liberally accorded will meet with literal fulfillment. Odds and ends will be thrown there—"rubbish" in its most obnoxious sense. We have had the curiosity, this same past, to take stock of metropolitan foundation-building rubbish, and have got quite accustomed to see about the old shoddy, leather, like horn and hoof, being a factor in their chemical process. This, however, does not appear to have been the case; at any rate, it is not the case to an extent that can satisfy any prophetic physician. The primitive virtues of tan, notwithstanding, leather will rot in time; and while rotting will give off injurious emanations. It is the preserved meat-insects to which the most injurious effects of such a foundation as we have described are mostly attributable, and, every day those tinned provisions coming more and more into use, the evil is exacerbated great excitement in this section.

**DR. GILL AND THE OLD WOMAN.**  
An old lady of his flock once called upon him with a grievance. The doctor's neck-bands were too long for his ideas of ministerial humility, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride she intimated that she had brought her secessors with her and would be pleased if her dear pastor would allow her to clip them down to her notions of propriety. The doctor not only listened patiently to her lecture, but handed her over the offending white bands for her to operate upon.

When she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the pins, it was the doctor's turn.

"Now," said he, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn also." "Yes, that I will, doctor; what can it be?" "Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long, and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter."

"Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate what it is? Here are the scissors, use them as you please."

"Come then," said the shrewd divine, "good sister, put out your tongue." Life of Spurgeon.

"As mad as a hatter" is a phrase whose origin is lost in the dim recesses of antiquity. Why a hatter should be madder than any other class of tradesmen has never been satisfactorily explained, but the fact has remained that hatters are considered mad by the usage. Perhaps the phrase arises as the gravediggers in "Hamlet" lumped the people of England and called them all mad. It would seem that in this country there is nothing for a hatter to be mad about, especially as elections come around so frequently. Yet it is, also, too true that American hatters are very mad at present, and whether the phrase held good before, it certainly holds good now. There are 1,000 mad hatters in New Jersey alone, and at Orange, in that State, they have nearly had an Orange riot. The cause is a new hat-finishing machine that will do the work of ten hatters. The "hatters" are resolved not to allow these machines to be introduced; hence the trouble. Thus the ancient phrase "as mad as a hatter" has new life infused into it.

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